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The Iowa Review

Volume 26
Issue 1 *Spring*

Article 26

1996

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Jane O. Wayne

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Recommended Citation

Wayne, Jane O.. "From a Half-Filled Cup." *The Iowa Review* 26.1 (1996): 117-117. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.4531>

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FROM A HALF-FILLED CUP

When he left last night
as quickly as he kissed me on the cheek
some numbness settled over me,
like a cover on a drowsy child,
until this morning
when I cleared the dishes from the dinner table.
His half-filled cup must have
brought the evening back, must have held him,
like some spirit in a magic lamp,
so when I touched the rim, my finger circling
the way a child rubs a crystal glass
to bring the hidden music out,
I thought about his lips, his saliva
in the milky dregs,
and before I carried it to the sink to pour it out—
for a moment, only for a moment—
I thought of drinking
those cold dregs, of drinking more
than what he hadn't,
and of the odd desire
to take that fluid's darkness on my tongue—
a kind of kiss, but colder.